

The Cheerful Letter

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Berkeley, California

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—James Freeman Clarke.

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RECOMPENSE.

We are quite sure
That He will give them back—bright, pure
And beautiful. We know he will but keep
Our own and his until we fall asleep.
We know he does not mean
To break the strands reaching between
The Here and There.
He does not mean—though heaven be fair—
To change the spirits entering there, that
they forget
The eyes upraised and wet,
The lips too still for prayer,
The mute despair.
He will not take
The spirits which He gave, and make
The glorified so new
That they are lost to me and you.
I do believe
They will receive
Us—you and me—and be so glad
To meet us, that when most I would grow
sad
I just begin to think about that gladness,
And the day
When they shall tell us all about the way
That they have learned to go—
Heaven's pathways show.
My lost, my own and I
Shall have so much to see together by and
by.

I do believe that just the same sweet face,
But glorified, is waiting in the place
Where we shall meet, if only I
Am counted worthy in that by and by.
I do believe that God will give a sweet sur-
prise
To tear-stained, saddened eyes,
And that his heaven will be
Most glad, most tided through with joy for
you and me,
As we have suffered most. God never made
Spirit for spirit, answering shade for shade,
And placed them side by side—
So wrought in one, though separate, mys-
tified—
And meant to break
The quivering threads between. When we
shall wake,
I am quite sure, we shall be very glad
That for a little while we were so sad.
—George Klinge.

CHARACTER AND SERVICE.

While, on the whole, man has been most active in the things of the flesh, it is in the things of the spirit that man has shown in splendid instances how active man may be, what powers of labor and endurance are enfolded in his mysterious human life. This seems to me to be a fact of the greatest importance and interest. It seems to be true—it may well be that it is true—that there is to-day vastly more of human power devoting itself to selfish ambition than to the unselfish service of fellow-men; but it may also be true—we may well believe that it is true—that the man on the earth who is living the intensest life to-day is living for the service of others, and not for the benefit of himself.

This truth, I say, seems to me to be of supreme significance. It is on these highest lives and these highest moments of all lives that faith dwells with her loftiest assurance. The best that man has been, the best that any man has been, does not perish. It lies in wait thenceforth to captivate man, the man, whenever his baser needs and nature leave him free for a moment. This is the reason and meaning of all the presentation of great names and natures as inspirations to other and more ordinary men. You write the names of six brave, noble men upon a field of bodily exercise and pleasure. If

those men were exceptions, if they made a use of their humanity such as is not possible that other men, that all men, should make, then I know not why their names there are not a standing mockery to every hopeless youth who enters the field with dreams of muscular prowess,—the delight of animal strength. If these men are true elder brothers of the men who follow them, and just make and keep manifest forever what are the true uses of the powers which the college and the field develop and display, then there is inspiration in their names, and to have written them upon the stone is to have done something for which a man's soul may be glad and proud. For nothing can open higher visions of what man shall do and be some day than the assurance that all humanity possesses powers of which a few human beings have made manifest what is the undeveloped capacity in their higher uses and applications.

This, then, is our doctrine,—that, however the powers of man may seem to satisfy themselves in lower tasks, they can do their fullest work, and so can come to their best development, only in the highest fields of life; that from those highest fields they are, in the lives of many men, excluded, and so are limited to lower operations, where they cannot put forth their full strength; that in the lives of noblest men, and in the noblest moments of all lives, the human powers have been sent forth freely into the highest regions of their exercise, and there have manifested their essential glory; that the completed life of any man or of the world can only come when all these higher regions shall be constantly open and the energies of human life, hope, expectation, enthusiasm, sympathy, skill, ambition, purified and refined in them by the loftier atmosphere in which they live and work, shall come back to their lower tasks to make them, too, more pure and fine and lofty.

This is our doctrine. Is it not a true theory of life and of its present deficiencies and of its possible perfection? If we go on—as we must go on—and ask ourselves more definitely what are these higher regions into which the working powers are to be set free and in which they are to find their true development, I can only say again two words which I have said together already several times in my sermon. These words are “character” and “service.” These two words, I think, describe the higher regions of man's life, in which alone his powers can fulfil themselves and know their real strength and fit themselves for the full doing even of their lower tasks. In them the workman

doomed to-day to lower toils, when he is once allowed to enter, lifts himself up and knows his dignity and begins to put forth the might which he possesses.

Character, what is that? The absolute quality of a being, distinguished from its circumstances. Behind even that closet of circumstances which we call the body, the intrinsic substance of the soul, what the man is, original, distinct, different from what any other man has ever been before, fed through the channels of his circumstances, of what happens to him, but fed directly from first principles.

And so we come to this, that it is only to man daring to think of himself nobly, divinely,—ay, as the son of God,—that there comes the possibility of putting his human powers to their perfect use. Character and service both fling their doors wide open to him who knows himself the son of God. Think how they stood wide open all the time to Jesus. Think how he always lived within their ample gates. The divine soul within him and the great work before him to be himself and to save the world,—these made his life. Therefore, let the foxes have their holes and the birds of the air their nests, let Pilate sit upon his throne and the Pharisees weigh their mint, anise, and cummin. He took these splendid human capacities of ours and carried them beyond the stars into the heavenly worlds of character and service, and, when men listened,—as they had to listen,—hark! in these visionary worlds, the same old human faculties had put out a new strength, and worked with a pulse of power and a throb of music which made heaven and earth stand still to listen. Yet it was our human patience with which he was patient, and our human bravery with which he was brave, and our human intelligence with which he knew, and our human purity with which he was pure, only they proved themselves divine when they attained their full humanity.—*Phillips Brooks.*

THE STILL HOUR.

ONE SIDE.

O Heart, in divers' mail
Wrap thee! Breathe not, till standing on the
deck,
Thou hast confronted all thy loss and wreck.

Into our summer palace of delight,
Flower-hung and fairy fanned,
Entered the fatal messenger last night,
The bow-string in his hand.

Amid the fulness of full life he stood,
 A spectral form to see,
 And held the signal out with gesture rude
 And beckoned silently.

Still smile the late pink roses on their stem,
 And heliotropes, thick set,
 Woo every passing hand to gather them;
 The brown, sweet mignonette
 Still spreads a fragrant carpet, and the gay
 Nasturtiums flaunt and soar,
 Making a mimic sunshine on the gray;
 But death is at the door!

O messenger! have patience for a space.
 Summer is fresh and strong;
 Never so beautiful her radiant face,
 Never so sweet her song.
 Wait but a little, till our shivering hearts
 Are strong to bear. He stands
 Speechless, unheeding, answers not, and holds
 The bow-string in his hands.

The silent picture on the wall,
 The burial stone,
 Of all that beauty, life and joy,
 Remain alone.

O cruel sun! I said,
 To shine when she is dead;
 O cruel spring! to come,
 When her dear lips are dumb;
 O cruel flowers! to bloom,
 When she is in the tomb;
 O cruel birds! to sing,
 And she not listening.

An hour of hours and a time for dreaming;
 The slow sun sinking through a sea of mist;
 God's grace our own and all the heavens
 seeming

To near us through the fading amethyst;
 Your hand in mine, I hear your words low
 spoken,—

“He leadeth you the way your darling
 went”;
 And know them true by many a tender token,
 Trying, for her sweet sake, to be content.

And yet, somehow, the dead leaves drifting
 round us,

The whispers of the hemlock and the fir,
 The very calm and quiet that have found us
 Seem but to make me hungrier for her;
 Across the mountains sleep is sweet upon her;
 I would not loose his strong hold if I might;
 Yet oh, my friend, my friend, had death not
 won her,

How changed to me were all the world
 to-night!

We would not call thee back; so let them
 say.

What the lips speak the bleeding heart
 denies;

My voice, dear friend, would call thee back
 to-day,

Might it but reach thy dwelling in the skies.

For we have need of thee; thy radiant smile
 Lay like a sunbeam o'er this scene of care;
 And weary burdens, at thy touch, erewhile
 Were changed to burdens light as summer
 air.

Thou needest us, dear friend. Through
 pathways bright,

Far, far away from earth thy feet have
 roved;

But thy new friends among the sons of light
 Can never love thee more than we have
 loved.

There is neither far nor near—
 There is neither there nor here—
 There is neither soon nor late,
 In that chamber over the gate; . . .
 Ours is the bitterest loss;
 Ours is the heaviest cross;
 And forever the cry shall be
 Would God I had died for thee!

Death, harsher than all else, to a parent's
 prayers and tears,
 Falling fast as summer rain,—
 Like a statue sitting calm, with its cruel stony
 ears,
 Lets us cry, but in vain.

THE OTHER SIDE.

The Eternal God is thy refuge, and under-
 neath are the Everlasting Arms.

The Lord reigns: let the Earth rejoice!

Chance does not reign;

Fate does not reign;

Man does not reign;

He reigns whom evermore educes lasting good
 out of transient evil.

Therefore to whom turn I, but Thee the
 Ineffable Name;

Builder and maker Thou, of houses not
 made with hands;

What, have fear of change, from Thee who
 art ever the same?

Doubt that Thy power can fill the heart
 that Thy power expands?

There shall never be one lost good; what was
shall live as before;

The evil is null, is nought, is silence imply-
ing sound;

What was good shall be good, with for evil so
much good more;

On earth the broken arcs; in heaven the
perfect round.

—
We have a Friend who knows us better than
we know ourselves, loves us better than we
love ourselves, helps us when we cannot help
ourselves, forgives us when we cannot forgive
ourselves; and, in our despair, breathes
round our heart the perfumed breath of a
divine hope.

—
He chose this path for thee,
And well He knew that thou must tread alone
Its gloomy vales and ford each flowing
stream;

Knew how thy bleeding heart would sobbing
moan,

"Dear Lord, to wake and find it all a dream,"
Love scanned it all, yet still could say, "I
see

This path is best for thee."

—
He chose this path for thee.
What need'st thou more? This sweetest
truth to know,
That all along these strange, bewildering
ways,

O'er rocky steeps and where dark rivers flow
His loving arms will bear thee, "all the days,"
A few steps more, and thou thyself shalt see

This path was best for thee.

—
God does not take away the Red Sea, nor
the wilderness, nor Jordan, but goes with us
through them all,—a cloud by day, a pillar
of fire by night. Nothing brings us so near
to God as the sense of our spiritual and moral
needs.

—
In all these things we are more than con-
querors, through Him that loved us.

—
The only really solid thing in the universe
is love. This makes our life really life. This
makes us immortal while we are here. This
makes us sure that death is no end, but only a
beginning, to us and all we love.

—
The one thing we all need is faith in the
divine Presence and divine Love. Those
who look at the things seen and temporal
are easily discouraged, not those who look
at the things unseen and eternal.

Grief and death—solemn angels—come as
words of God, and make us live. "Dying,
and, behold, we live." Defeated, baffled,
cast down, disappointed, we find in all these
seeming evils the seeds of a higher life.

—
Let us lift up our hearts, let us be bold and
brave in our faith, that when we are weak
we may become strong, and do all things,
bear all things, become all things, through
Him who strengthens us.

—
Therefore let your grief be such that
your consolation shall be more: for ye have
not lost them, but sent them before you that
they may be kept forever blessed. We must
learn that our best and most steadfast friends
are invisible; namely, the dear angels who
with faithfulness and love, moreover with all
helpfulness and true friendship, far surpass
all the friends that we can see.

Luther.

—
Sweet souls, around us, watch us still,
Press nearer to our side;
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helpings glide.

—
Let death between us be as nought;
A dried and vanished stream;
Your joy be the reality,
Our suffering life the dream.

—
O silent land to which we move,
Enough if there alone be love;
And mortal need can ne'er outgrow
What it is waiting to bestow.

—
Each precious pure delight that made
The vale of tears less sad,
Doth help the joys that never fade,
Doth make the angels glad.

—
O happy golden hours below,
Your glory hath not gone;
The grateful years eternal flow
More bright, because ye shone.

—
Oh, then the bitter tears may flow,
And still the weeper smile;
The heart may heavy be with woe,
And yet be glad the while.

—
Yes, close beside the fount of tears
The fount of joy doth spring;
Our very pains, our very fears
The Helper near do bring.

O mighty joy, of sorrow born,
Grief's holy, happy store!
O blessed tears, to smiles that turn,
O gladness evermore!

Be ye certain all seems love
Viewed from Allah's throne above;
Be ye stout of heart and come
Bravely onward to your home;
La Allah illa Allah! Yea!
O Love divine! O Love alway!

For I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels nor principalities nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other created thing, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.]

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. Will you kindly assist me in placing "Black Beauty" in the hands of my Sunday-school boys and girls? I have a large class, and am trying to organize a Band of Mercy in connection with the Sunday-school. If I can procure some copies, I think I can raise some money in the school, and buy enough for them all to have a copy. I think it is the best book I have ever seen on the subject of kindness to animals. I want a book of recitations for small girls, and hope some one will feel called upon to help me by sending something of the kind. Rev. Mr. Routh of Stoneville is my pastor. Mrs. Sarah M. Rakstraw, R. F. D. 1, Box 16, Price, Rockingham County, North Carolina.

2. I refer you to Rev. Mr. Cook of Mountain Park. We live out here in the West, where it hasn't rained for three years to amount to anything. The people are next to the pauper stage, and are blue and discouraged. Please send us something to read, something to cheer us. We would be

very grateful. Mrs. Bonnie Morgan, Mountain Park, Oklahoma.

3. It will be a great favor if any of the Cheerful Letter friends can send me any good reading matter. All reading will be passed on to others. Reference, Rev. J. Morris, Tellico Plains, Tennessee. Mrs. James Coulter, Tenna, Georgia.

4. It has just occurred to me that perhaps some member of the Exchange might have a game of chess or backgammon that could be spared me. You cannot imagine how much I would enjoy it. I do not understand either game, but might get instructions. My eyes trouble me greatly, so I must limit my reading to daylight hours, and not in the evening at all. I shall look forward to receiving a game, for the *Cheerful Letter* has never failed me yet. Cora A. Hoskinson, Three Rivers, Michigan.

5. Mrs. Jessie Benton, Wadesboro, North Carolina, R. F. D. 1, Box 19, has not received any reading for a long time. She would be most grateful for any sent her.

6. I am teaching in a school of over two hundred pupils. There are few of the patrons who are able to buy necessary books for their children. So I ask you for some school-books, to supplement our regular text-books. Our greatest need is readers for the four primary grades, so we should like as many of a kind as you can spare us. We have no library at all, so would be glad of any good reading or text-books for primary, grammar, and high school grades. My address until the middle of September is Aqua: after that time it will be Madison Heights, Virginia. Miss Mary H. Taylor.

7. Mrs. J. M. Robertson, Woolwine, Virginia, will be glad of a post-card on her birthday, September 22d.

8. Mrs. S. A. Starling, Hubert, North Carolina, will much appreciate current numbers of either *Munsey's*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, or *Harper's*.

9. Mrs. Lou Sims, Jamestown, Tennessee, a cripple that gets out but very little, will appreciate and enjoy any reading. She would especially like "Alice in Wonderland," *Munsey's*, or *Ladies' Home Journal*.

10. Mrs. R. L. Pratt, Sandy Ridge, North Carolina, an invalid, much of the time con-

fined to her room, asks for *Delineator*, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," or sermons.

11. Mrs. E. O. Robinson, Marion, Virginia, asks for "The Rosary" and "The Mistress of Shenstone."

12. I want to thank the kind friends for the reading that they have sent me. I get the *Cheerful Letter* and also *The Ladies' Home Journal*, which are greatly appreciated by myself and family. They are always anxious to get reading. I haven't heard from any of the Unitarian ladies for quite a while. Mrs. M. E. James, Unionville, R. F. D. 2, Box 100, North Carolina.

13. Mrs. Bennett Lewis, Athens, Route 1, Box 18, will be glad of a Bible and dictionary.

14. I should be very glad to receive any of the following books: Chittenden's "English Composition," "In Tune with the Infinite," Kleiser's "How to Speak in Public." I am a public school teacher, and the above books would be of much aid to me. Ross Bryan, Whitakers, North Carolina, R. F. D. 1, Box 17.

15. Mrs. Fannie Kingsley, Rupert, Arkansas, an invalid, living in the country where reading is scarce, asks for magazines for herself and husband.

16. May I ask, through the *Cheerful Letter*, for a few books I greatly desire? They are "Hiawatha," by Longfellow; "Huckleberry Finn" and "Tom Sawyer," by Mark Twain; "The Prince and the Pauper"; and "The Calling of Dan Mathews." Mrs. B. F. Walker, Cassaig Ranch, Sonoma City, California.

17. I am a girl of fifteen, living in the country. My mother has been dead nearly two years. I have kept house for papa since she died, and have had little chance to attend school. We are alone, and I would get very lonely but for reading. We have no library near here, and are not able to buy. I would like to ask for any of the following, which I will appreciate and lend to others: "Ivanhoe," "Jane Eyre," "Treasure Island," "The Marble Faun." Pearle Hall, Dodson, Virginia, Route 1.

18. Mrs. Jennie Curtis, Ironsburg, Tennessee, an invalid with eight children, oldest eighteen, will be glad of reading.

19. Mrs. Addie Hyatt, Norwalk, Connecticut, a shut-in and cripple, will be very glad of good reading.

20. Mrs. Flora T. Snell, Ironsburg, Tennessee, asks for a Bible with good print, a dictionary, or little stories for her small children.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Mrs. M. L. Stricklin, from San Antonio, to 528 Columbia Street, Houston, Texas.

Mrs. Mattie Frizzelle, from Frankston to Groveston, Trinity County, Texas.

AT REST.

Mrs. E. A. Downing, Newington, New Hampshire.

Crandall Dean, Coloron, New York.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

TEAZING.

[A conversation between two aunts. Dolores, a girl of thirteen, has been left in charge of one of them, while her father (a widower) is absent on a long journey.]

"I almost wish he had taken Dolores out to Phyllis. I am not in the least fulfilling his ideal toward her."

"So you don't get on any better?"

"Not a bit. It is a case of parallel lines. We don't often have collisions—unless Wilfred gets an opportunity of provoking her."

"Why don't you send that boy to school?"

"I shall, after Christmas. He is quite well now, and to have him at home is both bad for himself and the others. He needs licking into shape as only boys can do to one another, and he is not a model for Fergus, especially since Harry has been away."

"What does he do?"

"Nothing very brilliant, nor of the kind one half forgives for the drollery of it. Putting mustard into the custard was the worst, I think; inciting the dogs to bring the cattle down on the girls when they cross the paddock; shutting up their books when the places are found—those are the sort of things; putting that very lifelike wild cat *chauffe-pied* with glaring eyes in Dolly's bed. I believe he does such things to all; but his sisters would let him torture them rather than complain, whereas Dolores does her best to bring them under my notice without actually laying an information, which she is evidently afraid to do. It is very unlucky that her coming should have been just when we had such an element about, for it really gives her some just cause of complaint."

"But you say he is impartial?"

"Teazing is unfortunately his delight. He will even frighten Primrose; but I am afraid there is active dislike making Dolores his favorite victim, and then Val and

Fergus, who don't tease actively on their own account, have come to enjoy her discomfiture."

"And you go on the principle of *tolérer beaucoup*?"

"I do, hoping that it is not laziness and weakness that makes me abstain from nagging about what is not brought before my eyes by the children or the police,—I mean Gill, Halfpenny, and Miss Vincent. Then I scold or I punish, and that, I think, maintains the principle without danger to truth or forbearance. At least, I hope it does. I am pretty sure that, if I punished Wilfred for every teasing trick I know, or guess at, he would—in his present mood—only become deceitful, and *esprit de corps* might make Val and Fergus the same, though I don't think Mysie's truth could be shaken any more than honest Phyl's."

"Besides, mutual discipline is not a thing to upset. Lily, I revere you! I never thought you were going to turn out such a sensible mother."

But, when the aunts came downstairs, Dolores was not there. On being called, she sent a voice down over the balusters, that she was not going.

Aunt Jane shrugged her shoulders. There was barely time to reach the train, so that it was impossible to do anything at the moment; but in the Merrifield family bad manners and disrespect were never passed over, Sir Jasper having made his wife very particular in that respect; and, as soon as she came home in the twilight, she looked into the schoolroom, but Dolores was not there, and then into the drawing-room, where she was found learning her lessons by fire-light.

"My dear, why did you not go with your Aunt Jane and me?"

"I did not want to go. I was so cold," said Dolores, in a glum tone.

"Would it not have been kinder to have found that out sooner? If I had not met the others in the paddock, and picked up Valetta, the chance would have been missed, and you knew she wanted to go. Another time, too," added Lady Merrifield, "remember that it would be proper to come down and speak to me instead of shouting over the balusters in that unmannerly way,—without so much as taking leave of your Aunt Jane. If she had not been almost late for her train, I should have insisted."

"You might, and I should not have come if you had dragged me," thought, but did not say, Dolores. She only stood, looking dogged, and not attempting the

"I beg your pardon" for which her aunt was waiting.

"I think," said Lady Merrifield, gently, "that, when you consider it a little, you will see that it would be well to be more considerate and gracious."

Was this a good method (the way to deal with teasing)? Are there any objections to it? Can something better be suggested?

The editor would be glad to receive contributions on this subject, from mothers who have had experience in dealing with this difficult question.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE ISLAND'S WILD CAT.

It was right up here on one of these islands in the St. Lawrence that a family came one summer from New York to spend a few months, bringing along with them several dogs and pet cats.

They left the island early in September, and, when the house was closed up, the place was entirely deserted. I passed the island late one afternoon, and decided to land for a few moments.

The sides of the island were bluff and rocky, and I scrambled up with some difficulty. When I reached the summit, I heard the deep baying of my hound. I whistled, and in response to it he came tearing toward me from the thicket.

But what a sight he presented! Riding on his back and tearing mercilessly at his neck and head was the strangest looking creature I ever saw. It was so gaunt that it looked more like a starved wolf than a cat.

No wonder the hound was frightened. The half-starved cat was fighting fiercely, and actually enjoying the taste of fresh blood which its claws drew from the hound's warm body. The creature had been a pet house cat the summer before, but its lonely, desperate life on the island had made it fiercer and wilder than its primitive ancestors.

I examined the island hastily, and found that the cat had taken possession of an old dog-kennel for its lonely home. There it had gathered the few bones left behind and gnawed them half up. A few birds had apparently been caught and eaten, and the bones of a squirrel and several rats were also scattered around. The bark of the trees was nibbled as if the poor thing had in desperation tried to satisfy its hunger with green things.

It had broken through the shutters of one window and entered the closed house, but

there was nothing to eat in there. An old fur blanket that had been left behind was chewed half up, and an old shoe was also nibbled and chewed. The marks of the cat's teeth were on nearly everything which promised a mite of nutriment.

The cat's tracks were found in the snow and on the ice to the very edge of the frozen surface. It had contemplated escaping on the ice, but the channel was too swift and deep for it.

I tried to make friends with the creature, calling it by pet names and trying to coax it toward me. Wherever I went the baleful eyes watched me, but always at a safe distance.

I had only a single biscuit with me, but I threw this to the starving animal. It would not approach near enough to touch it, but when I moved away it leaped for the biscuit and swallowed it at one gulp.

The next day I returned to the island with an ample supply of fresh milk, bread, and meat. These I spread out on the snow and called "Kitty! kitty!" in my most alluring voice. But the cat wouldn't come a step nearer. It backed away and disappeared in the thicket. I hunted around for it, but couldn't find it anywhere on the island. I was disappointed, and finally returned to my boat.

Imagine my surprise when I reached the place where I had landed to see the cat perched in the stern of the canoe. It glared at me, and, when I attempted to step in the craft it spit and hissed in a threatening manner. It had taken possession of the boat, and had no intention of leaving it.

Again I tried to make friends with it, throwing bits of meat toward it, but these it ignored, still facing me and hissing. Finally I tipped the canoe suddenly and nearly dropped the creature in the icy water. It touched the water with its tail, and then with a snarl and hiss leaped toward me. I ducked just in time. It went over my head, but before it landed on the rocks it gave me such a dig with one of its claws that the blood spurted out in a tiny stream.

Such a reception wasn't encouraging, and I felt a little squeamish about returning the next day; but I did, and took more food. This time I placed the food on the rocks and pushed off. At a safe distance I could see the cat come out of the underbrush and crawl up to the food. What a ravenous appetite it had! It bolted the pieces of meat and bread and lapped up the milk with marvellous rapidity. It licked its chops and smelled around for more. Its appetite seemed insatiable.

For three days I made regular trips to the island to feed pussy. By the third day the cat was tame enough to eat the food in my presence, although I had to stay at a safe distance. Then gradually by degrees it permitted me to approach closer. A sudden spit and hiss always informed me how far I could come.

A cold wave came up one night and froze the river so quickly that the channel was closed. When I finally dared to venture out on the ice, I made straight for pussy's island.

When I reached it, I heard dismal howling and barking. I hurried up the rocks, and found the cat treed, with four dogs howling anxiously at the foot of the tree.

I had to use a good deal of violent persuasion to drive the dogs away. They were loath to leave the island with pussy on it.

I tried to coax the cat down from the tree with food, but only succeeded after two hours of patient endeavor. Then I was surprised, and not a little frightened, when it suddenly dropped down on my shoulders. I expected to feel its claws in my head and neck, but instead it snatched the meat from my hand and swallowed it. I fed it all I had. I was wondering what next to do, with the cat on my shoulder, when a gentle purring noise startled me. It was soft and low at first, and then louder and more rhythmic. I felt the furry head pressed against my cheek in a rub that made me happier than if I had found a small fortune.

I had won the cat's trust and affection, and she was now showing it unmistakably. I put up a hand and rubbed the purring head. It licked the hand and then permitted me to hold it on my shoulder as I walked away.

Pussy and I scrambled down the rocks to the ice. I must have talked and crooned to pussy all the way home, for I was fearful all the time it would get frightened and leave me. When I got it home, I made a comfortable bed for it in the kitchen, and there it sleeps every night. I don't think I'd part with that cat for any amount of money, and I know pussy is satisfied with me.

It's a pretty, sleek, fat cat to-day, and the most affectionate pet you ever saw; but, when I think of my first sight of it on that deserted island, I feel very much like saying some hard things about the people who left it on the island without any thought of what might happen to it.—*George Ethelbert Walsh, in the Epworth Herald.*

He who labors for man, with no faith in God, labors to little good.

THE FRIENDLY STARS.

SEPTEMBER: ALTAIR:

Altair lies just at the edge of the Milky Way, and for any one who has learned the position of Deneb it will be easy to find Altair by running the eye down the Milky Way from Deneb along the upright of the Cross to Albireo at the foot of it, and thence on twenty degrees, or to the very first bright star, which will be no other than Altair.

The constellation in which Altair is situated is known as Aquila, or the Eagle; and Altair is the middle one of three fairly bright stars placed with reference to each other in a straight line.

On the 1st of June, between half past eight and nine o'clock in the evening, Altair makes its gracious entrance into the starry company. From this time on until the first half of December is past Altair is in view early in the evening. Always an attractive star, it is never more charming than it is along in September and October. It is then due south from us and at its highest point, which is about two-thirds of the way up from the horizon to the zenith; and this favorable position, added to the peculiar clearness of the autumn sky, brings out all the soft beauty of the star.—*"The Friendly Stars," Martha Evans Martin.*

BIOGRAPHY.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

The new life of Harriet Beecher Stowe, by her son and grandson, aims to tell not what Mrs. Stowe did, but what she was. It is a character study of absorbing interest.

Harriet Beecher inherited high mental and spiritual gifts from both parents. Her father, Dr. Lyman Beecher, was a minister of extraordinary energy, ability, and courage, whose preaching was described as "logic on fire." It was said of him that he was "the father of more brains than any other man in America," so many of his children grew up to be remarkable men and women. Her mother, Roxana Foote, died while Harriet was a child. Mrs. Stowe says:—

"Although my mother's bodily presence disappeared from our circle, I think that her memory and example had more influence in moulding her family, in deterring from evil and exciting to good, than the living presence of many mothers. It was a memory that met us everywhere, for every person in the town seemed to have been so impressed by her character and life that they constantly reflected some portion of it back upon us."

When Harriet as a child was taken to visit her mother's old home, "she was deeply impressed by finding herself treated with a tenderness almost amounting to veneration by those who had known her mother." At the celebration of Mrs. Stowe's seventieth birthday, her brother, Henry Ward Beecher, paid a tribute to these remarkable parents. Of Dr. Lyman Beecher he said:—

"A more guileless soul than he, a more honest, one more free from envy, from jealousy, and from selfishness, I never knew. Though he thought he was great by his theology, every one else knew he was great by his religion. My mother is to me what the Virgin Mary is to the devout Catholic. She was a woman of great nature, profound as a philosophical thinker, great in argument, with a kind of intellectual imagination, diffident, not talkative,—such was the woman who gave birth to Mrs. Stowe, whose graces and excellences she probably more than any of her children—we number thirteen—has possessed."

HER CHILDHOOD.

Harriet was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, June 14, 1811. The book gives a graphic picture of her childhood. She grew up as one of a large family in a household bubbling over with fun and activity. A kind and beautiful step-mother did her best to replace the lost mother. Harriet was a sensitive and dreamy child, burrowing among her father's books, devouring "Pilgrim's Progress," the "Arabian Nights," and Cotton Mather's "Magnalia." This last "filled her soul with a great eagerness to go forth and do some great and valiant deed for God and her country. She wanted then, as always, to translate her feelings into deeds."

"I WISH HARRIET WERE A BOY."

Harriet early met with the popular belief in the inferiority of girls. All the family used to work together to carry into the house the mountain of cut wood provided for the winter fires.

"Harriet would work like one possessed, sucked into the vortex of enthusiasm by her father's remarking, 'I wish Harriet were a boy. She would do more than any of them.' Then would she throw aside her book or needle, and, donning a little black coat which she thought made her look more like a boy, she would try to outdo all the rest till all the wood was in."

THEOLOGICAL TROUBLES.

With her intelligent head and loving heart she suffered deeply from the old-

fashioned Calvinistic theology under which she was brought up, but at last she felt and thought her way to a sunnier form of Christianity. She and her brother Henry always "felt their way with their hearts and followed with their intellects," we are told, while the reverse was true of Edward and Catherine Beecher. Harriet also found her way out of the morbidness and introspection that beset her as a young girl. At twenty-one she wrote:—

"I am trying to cultivate a spirit of general kindness toward everybody. Instead of shrinking into a corner to notice how other people behave, I am holding out my hand to the right and to the left, and forming casual and incidental acquaintance with all who will be acquainted with me. In this way I find society full of interest and pleasure. . . . From these friendships I expect little, and therefore generally receive more than I expect. From past friendships I have expected everything, and must of necessity have been disappointed. The kind words and looks that I call forth by looking and smiling are not much in themselves, but they form a very pretty flower-border to the way of life."

"FEMINIZING" THE SCHOOLS.

When Harriet was fifteen, her father accepted a "call" from Litchfield to a larger church in Boston, and entered upon an earnest crusade against the growing power of Unitarianism. When she was nineteen, he left Boston, at the height of his popularity there, to become president of Lane Theological Seminary at Walnut Hills, near Cincinnati, Ohio. He believed American liberty to be seriously threatened by the Roman Catholic Church, and his main motive in making the change was "to hold the great West for Protestantism." His family planned to start model schools in Cincinnati. Harriet did not sympathize with the idea—then almost universal—that schools must not be "feminized." She wrote to a friend:

"We have come to the conclusion that the work of teaching will never be rightly done till it comes into female hands. This is especially true with regard to boys. To govern boys by moral influence requires tact and talent and versatility: it requires also the same division of labor that female education does. But men of tact, versatility, talent, and piety will not devote their lives to teaching. They must be ministers and missionaries and all that; and, while there is such a thrilling call for action in this way, every man who is merely teaching feels as if he were a Hercules with a distaff ready to

spring at the first trumpet that calls him away. . . . Then, if men have more knowledge, they have less talent in communicating it; nor have they the patience, the long-suffering, and the gentleness necessary to superintend the formation of character. We intend to make these principles understood, and ourselves to set the example of what females can do in this way. You see that first-rate talent is necessary for all that we mean to do, especially for the last, because here we must face down the prejudices of society, and we must have exemplary success to be believed."

Harriet threw herself into teaching with enthusiasm and success, aiding her gifted sister Catherine. They had had unusual preparation in their home life for the work of character-building. Harriet describes her father's great household during the early days at Walnut Hills:—

"The house was full. There was a continual high tide of life and animation. The old carryall was continually vibrating between home and the city, and the excitement of going and coming rendered anything like stagnation an impossibility. . . . It was an exuberant and glorious life while it lasted. The atmosphere of his household was replete with moral oxygen—full charged with intellectual electricity. Nowhere else have I felt anything resembling or equalling it."

AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, Canton Corner, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

HALF SQUARE.

1. A battle fought Sept. 1, 1870.
2. Consisting of ebony.
3. A Spanish title.
4. Indefinite article.
5. Consonant.

II.

ACROSTIC.

All the words contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below the other, the diagonal beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending

with the lower right-hand letter spell the name of a holiday in September.

1. American naval commander in the War of 1812.
2. A Secretary of the Treasury.
3. A Dependency of Newfoundland.
4. One of the States of the American Union.
5. A Colonial Governor of Massachusetts.
6. An American General.
7. A President of the United States.
8. A Mexican city captured by the United States troops on Sept. 23, 1846.

III.

NUMERICAL PUZZLE.

Famous men born in September. Each number represents a corresponding letter in the alphabet.

19, 1, 13, 21, 5, 12 1, 4, 1, 13, 19, an American patriot.

10, 1, 13, 5, 19 6, 5, 14, 9, 13, 15, 18, 5, 3, 15, 15, 16, 5, 18, an American novelist.

10, 15, 8, 14 13, 1, 18, 19, 8, 1, 12, 12, Chief Justice of the United States.

6, 18, 1, 14, 3, 9, 19 16, 1, 18, 11, 13, 1, 14, an American historian.

23, 9, 12, 12, 9, 1, 13 19, 20, 1, 18, 11, 5 18, 15, 19, 5, 3, 18, 1, 14, 19, an American general.

8, 15, 18, 1, 20, 9, 15 14, 5, 12, 19, 15, 14, an English naval commander.

IV.

AN ENIGMA.

I am composed of 58 letters.

My 17, 10, 40, 38, 24, 55, 47, is a dangerous undertaking.

My 50, 12, 25, 7, 42, 39, 32, is family relationship.

My 1, 43, 20, 57, 5, 41, 48, 19, 58, is a place for refreshment.

My 49, 21, 4, 30, 27, 2, 15, is prevailing style, especially of dress.

My 3, 37, 14, 24, 26, 54, 8, 51, 2, 56, is a synonym for greeting.

My 44, 16, 6, 29, 18, is a tenure by grant or permission.

My 46, 15, 36, 9, 13, is a small round hill.

My 33, 45, 23, 28, 36, 11, is of a pale sickly color.

My 11, 31, 22, 35, 34, 24, 53, is of set purpose.

My 52 is a consonant.

My *whole* is an ancient Irish proverb.

Answers to puzzles in the July-August number.

- I. CELEBRATING THE FOURTH. 1. Torpedo. 2. Cannon. 3. Flag. 4. Parade. 5.

- Rocket. 6. Bomb. 7. Banner. 8. Band. 9. Goddess. 10. Drums.

- II. CHANGED INITIALS. 1. Call—Hall. 2. Ego—Ago. 3. Lace—Race. 4. Care—Rare. 5. Ore—Ire. 6. Deer—Seer. 7. Utter—Otter. 8. Barrow—Narrow. Harrison.

- III. FAMOUS MEN FROM MASSACHUSETTS. 1. Roger Wolcott. 2. Charles Sumner. 3. Horace Gray. 4. John A. Andrew. 5. George Frisbie Hoar.

- IV. A WHEEL. 1. Cactus. 2. Cannon. 3. Canton. 4. Career. 5. Castor. 6. Cavern. 7. Cayman. 8. Carvel.

THE POSSESSIONS OF THE GOOD MAN.

How seldom, Friend! a good great man inherits

Honor or wealth, with all his worth and pains!
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits
Or any merit that which he obtains.

For shame, dear Friend! renounce this canting strain!

What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain?

Place—titles—salary—a gilded chain,
Or throne of corpses which his sword hath slain?

Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends—

Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? Three treasures—love,
and light,

And calm thoughts regular as infants' breath:
And three firm friends, more sure than day
and night—

Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

—Coleridge.

Think, every morning when the sun peeps through

The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,
How jubilant the happy birds renew

Their old melodious madrigals of love!

And when you think of this, remember, too,
'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,

Somewhere the birds are singing evermore!

—H. W. Longfellow.

Moral energy grows with the obstacles against which it is measured, and the putting forth of moral energy as the purpose of our lives is the highest exemplification of humanity. When we put forth the highest moral energy, then we touch the stars of life.—Felix Adler.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of an instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

HEREAFTER, ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS, INTENDED FOR THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, "CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, 25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS." THIS INCLUDES SUBSCRIPTIONS, CHANGES OF ADDRESS, REQUESTS FOR DISCONTINUANCE, BEGING LETTERS RECEIVED BY MEMBERS' OR BRANCHES.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

There will be no meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange in June: notice will be given of the first meeting in the autumn.

The chairman is at the Alliance headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, every Monday and Thursday from 10 to 12 o'clock.

LIBRARY NOTICE.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers to start a circulating library in any small community needing one, providing proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references supplied.

Apply to Mrs. Irene C. Rees, 51 Orchard Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

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THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

Send requests for books and letters of thanks to the Book Club Secretary.

Please make checks payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

Chairman, Miss Helen L. Bayley, 399 Broadway, Cambridge, Mass.

Editor of "The Cheerful Letter," Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.